National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

Loyalty of Regular Army Soldiers.

BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURED CAMP—A CHAPLAIN'S EXPLOIT.

HERE were no horses in camp, but there were many saddles, an indication that the camp was evacuated so hastily that there was not time to put the accouterments on the steeds, where they belonged. The saddles came handy to the civilian attaches of the expedition, and so did the blankets and a good many other things that had been left behind. A company of infantry was left in charge of the camp, and then the rest of the column pressed on in pursuit.

Outside the town there was another brief halt, caused by the presence of a small company of mounted men, who evidently acted as a rear-guard, and with whom a few shots were exchanged. Some of the dignitaries of Booneville came out to surrender the place and beg that private property should be respected, and while they were parleying with Gen. Lyon and Col. Blair two steamboats left the landing in front of Booneville and steamed up the river. They carried the greater part of the fleeing rebels, the remainder making their escape by land along the river road.

And so ended the battle of Booneville. The losses on the Union side were three killed and 10 wounded; on the rebel side the number of casualties was never positively known, owing to the fact that many of the State troops fled directly to their homes and staid there, or at all events were not heard from again. Eight or 10 were known to have been killed, and about 20 wounded.

A year or two later an affair of this sort would have been regarded merely as a road-side skirmish, but at that time it was an occurrence of great moment. From one end of the country to the other the account of it was published, and it has become known to history as an important battle. Politically it was of great consequence, as it was the first battle fought in Missouri, if we leave out of consideration the incidents of Camp Jackson and the day after, which cannot be regarded as battles in any sense. It was the first trial of strength between the State authorities of Missouri and the National Government, and as a trial of strength it showed the power of the United States and the resources and abilities of the Government better than could have been done by a whole volume of proclamations.

Disciplined troops were brought face to face with raw recruits who had not received even the rudiments of military instruction. Many of them were not even organized into companies, but had come together hastily at the call of the Governor, and on the day of the battle were trying to fight "on their own hook." And they learned the lesson which is generally taught under such circumstances—that such a hook is a very poor one to fight on.

The greenness of the men is shown by some of the incidents of the day. Rev. William A. Pile, the Chaplain of the 1st Mo., was a muscular Christian, who showed such a fondness for fighting that he afterward went into the service and gained the rank of Brigadier-General before the war was over. At Booneville he was assigned to look after the wounded, and for this purpose was given command of four soldiers, two of them from the mounted escort of Gen. Lyon, and two infantrymen from the 1st Mo.

While looking about the field after the rebels had been put to flight, the Chaplain came suddenly upon a group of men who seemed uncertain what to do. Most of them had rifles and shotguns, and might have made it very uncomfortable for the man of religion.

He hesitated not a moment, but drew his revolver. He was mounted on a good horse, one of the steeds taken in the early part of the battle, and had all the dignity of a Captain of cavalry.

Ordering his two cavalrymen to accompany him, and telling the infantry column —of two men—to follow as fast as they could, he dashed up to the group and presented his pistol as though about to fire.

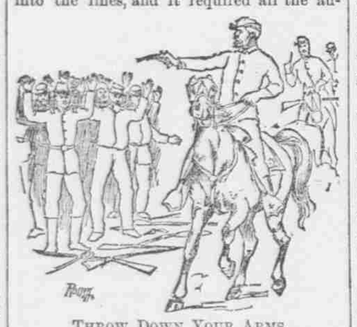
"Throw down your arms and surrender!" the Chaplain commanded in a voice like the roaring of a young bull.

The men dropped their arms to the ground, and stood in that dazed attitude with which a cow looks at a railway train.

"About face, march!" shouted the Chaplain, anxious to get the fellows away from their weapons before they had time to collect their senses and make it uncomfortable for their would-be captors.

Mechanically the men obeyed, and when they were at a good distance from the guns that had been left on the ground he halted them to give his infantry a chance to come up and help surround the prisoners.

The infantry came up, and the prisoners, 24 in all, were duly "surrounded" and marched into camp, where they were placed among others of their late comrades-in-arms. Twenty-four armed men surrounded and captured by four soldiers and a Chaplain is an occurrence not often known in war. The prisoners were mostly beardless youths, who had little appreciation of what war was or is. Only the rawest of soldiers could be captured in this way and brought safely into the lines, and it required all the audacity of which the Chaplain was capable to carry out his enterprise.



THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS.

Booneville was entered in triumph, and there was great excitement among the inhabitants, many of whom expected to be murdered in cold blood after witnessing the pillaging of their houses and the destruction of everything that the "Yankee thieves" did not desire to carry away. The poorer part of the population was generally loyal, while the wealthier inhabitants were nearly all in favor of Secession. There were some rich people who were stanch supporters of the Union, but they had a hard time of it among their more numerous Secession neighbors.

One of the Union officers learned that a rebel flag had been flying for several days over the principal bank in the town, and he sent a Lieutenant and a squad of soldiers to find it.

The Cashier declared that he knew nothing about it, avowed there was no flag of the kind about the building, and said with great emphasis that he was a sound Union man and would not permit anything of a Secession kind about the premises.

The Lieutenant insisted upon searching for the flag, and opened a closet beneath a stairway. There lay the flag, a beautiful piece of work, 30 feet long and made of the very best quality of bunting. When it was dragged out the Cashier expressed the greatest astonishment and said:

"Somebody must have put that thing there to get me into trouble. I hope you won't injure me; I'll take the oath of allegiance this very minute if you want me to."

The Lieutenant then told him the story of the darky who was caught one night in a white man's chicken-house under very suspicious circumstances. When the darky was brought into the moonlight, his captor observed a suspicious movement in the colored man's hat, and heard a clucking there as though a chicken was imprisoned in the headgear.

"Take off your hat!" commanded the white man.

"I won't take off my hat," was the reply; "I done ketch cold if I does."

With that the owner of the premises knocked off the suspicious hat, when out flew a chicken. As it darted away the negro gave an astonished look after it and remarked:

"Golly, dat dar chicken must a-clum up my trouser-leg!"

A considerable quantity of rebel stores and arms were taken at Booneville and in the neighborhood, and altogether the forces that were arrayed under the Secession banner suffered a heavy loss in things that were valuable to them. The hiding places of these valuables was pointed out by Union men, who in some instances desired their identity concealed for fear of the vengeance that would be visited upon them after the National troops should go away. They complained that they had been very badly treated, and several of them had been given a certain number of days in which to close up their affairs and leave town. Their time of probation had not ended when the battle and its result rendered their departure a matter which the rebels were not exactly able to control.

Gen. Lyon issued a proclamation, in which he briefly recited the events of the past week and warned the people not to take up arms against the Government. He advised all who had been in arms to go to their homes, and promised that all who would do so and remain quietly attending to their own business, should not be disturbed for past offenses. The proclamation had a good effect, and the number recently under arms who went home and staid there was by no means small. Unhappily it was more than offset by those who responded to the summons of the Governor and went to follow the fortunes of the army that he was organizing.

Preparations were now made for an advance into the southwest part of the State, as it was understood that the rebels would attempt to make a stand there, where they would be assisted by the troops that the Confederate Government was sending to help in getting Missouri out of the Union.

Gen. Sweeney was ordered to march from Rolla to Springfield, and at the same time Gen. Lyon would move from Booneville toward the same point. Simultaneously a column under Maj. Sturgis was to advance from Leavenworth, Kan., through the western part of Missouri, and the three columns were to unite near Springfield and endeavor to cut off and disperse the rebels that were concentrating with a view to taking the offensive. This was the plan, but owing to the absence of railways it could not be carried out in a hurry.

The 1st Iowa reached Booneville shortly after the battle, and most of its officers and soldiers were greatly disappointed to think they could not have had a hand in the fight.

Jack and Harry had their first view of the Missouri River from the bank opposite Booneville, and were greatly interested in studying the mighty stream as the ferryboat carried them across.

As he looked at the yellow flood pouring along with the rapidity which is one of its characteristics, Jack remarked:

"I understand now why they call it 'The Big Muddy,' as it is certainly the muddiest river I ever saw."

"Yes," replied Harry; "but I don't believe it is as bad as Senator Benton said of it, 'too thick to swim in, but not thick enough to walk on.' Anyhow, we'll settle that question by having a swim the first chance we get."

They had their swim, but though they verified the incorrectness of the distinguished Senator's assertion, they decided that one must be very dirty indeed to be benefited by a bath in the Missouri; and they readily believed what they were told by a resident of Booneville, that in the time of flood you can get an ounce of solid matter out of every eight ounces of water from the river.

"Look on the map of the United States," said their informant, "and see how the Mississippi River has pushed the delta through which its mouths empty into the Gulf of Mexico. The land that is formed there has been brought down by the water that fills the channel of the river; some of it comes from the lower Mississippi, but probably the greater part is from the Valley of the Missouri."

CHAPTER IX.

REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS—FORAGING IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

Jack and Harry were pretty busily employed about the camp for the first two or three days following their arrival at Booneville. After that time they had more leisure, and were greatly interested in many matters that came under their observation.

One of the first things to arouse their curiosity was the camp of the Regular soldiers that formed a part of Gen. Lyon's expedition. When they heard of this part of the force they wanted to know what a "Regular" soldier was.

"They are called Regulars," the Quartermaster explained, "because they belong to the Regular Army which the country maintains in time of peace. Compared with the volunteer army, the Regulars are few in number, but as long as we have only Indians to contend with they are quite enough for all practical purposes. In time of peace our Regular Army includes only 20,000 men, but in case of war the President calls on the different States to send volunteer troops to the field in such number as may be wanted. The President called for troops to put down the rebellion, and the States that remained loyal to the Union have sent the number required of them in proportion to their population."

"That's what is meant by the 'quota' of each State, I suppose," said Jack.

"Yes," was the reply. "The quota of a State is made out according to its population, and there have been some funny complications arising out of this point. In order to have as many representatives in Congress as possible, and for other reasons, some of the new States have been overstating their population, or claiming more inhabitants than they really have. Now, when it comes to furnishing troops on the same basis, they are trying to understate their population, and declare that they made mistakes in their previous figures."

GETTING INTO TROUBLE.

"It is like a man claiming to be rich in order to obtain credit or 'show off,' and then pleading poverty as a reason for not paying his debts."

"That's exactly the case," was the reply. "You could not have made a better illustration."

Neither Jack nor Harry could see that there was any great difference between the camp of the Regulars and that of the volunteers, excepting that the former seemed to be under more rigid discipline. When it came to drilling and performing the evolutions necessary to military life it was evident that the Regulars were greatly the superiors, but the youths naturally concluded that it was simply a question of experience.

"These Regulars," said Jack, "have been a long while in the service, and had nothing to do except to learn their business. Wait till the volunteers have been the same time under arms, and they'll come out just as good soldiers."

"Right you are," said the Quartermaster, who overheard the remark. "It takes time and practice to make a soldier; the raw recruit may be just as brave as the veteran, but one veteran is worth as much as a dozen raw recruits, for the simple reason that he has been drilled and disciplined."

The youths talked with some of the Regulars, and found that they had not troubled themselves much about the causes of the war nor the questions involved in the contest. The most they knew was that they were enlisted to serve under the Government. They were there to obey the orders of their officers, and that was the whole business.

It was the same with some of the Regular officers when the war broke out, but by no means with all. Some of them treated the question of loyalty as altogether a matter over which they had no control; they were to support the Government, and had no occasion to trouble themselves about political questions. Others entered into the political bearings of the subject, and were swayed according to their predilections. Those born and reared in the Northern States adhered to the National cause almost to a man, and served according to the best of their abilities, while the majority of those who came from the Southern States considered themselves bound to go as did their States. These men resigned their commissions in the Army and entered the service of the Confederacy,

THE BOYS BECOME EXPERT FORAGERS.

though there were some who felt that while they could not fight against their native States, it would not be compatible with honor for them to take arms against the National Government. These officers remained neutral throughout the war, some of them staying quietly at home, while others went abroad to be out of the reach of disturbing influences.

It was a noticeable circumstance that the spirit of loyalty to the Government was stronger among the enlisted soldiers of the Regular Army than among the officers, in proportion to their numbers. In the instances where the forts and arsenals in the Southern States were treacherously surrendered to the Secessionists at the beginning of the war, nearly all the soldiers refused to serve against the Government, even when their officers urged them to do so.

Preparations for the march into the southwestern part of Missouri were pushed as rapidly as possible, but the difficulty of getting together the necessary wagons and animals for transportation purposes consumed a fortnight of valuable time. This time was utilized by the State authorities, who gathered several thousand men at Lexington and marched thence in the direction of the Arkansas frontier, where they were to meet the famous Texan Ranger, Ben McCulloch, who was to come north to join them. In spite of all his activity Gen. Lyon was not able to get away from Booneville in season to head off Gen. Price and the rebels that were serving under him.

But the rebels came near meeting another obstacle that they did not know of. Gen. Eral Sweeney, with the brigades of Gens. Sigel and Saloman, marched from Rolla in the direction of Springfield, and so quickly did he move that Price had no knowledge of his advance. As soon as he reached Springfield Gen. Sweeney sent Gen. Sigel westward in the direction of Carthage to head off the rebels who were supposed to be under command of Price. The fact was the latter General had already gone south with his escort to meet Ben McCulloch; the State troops which Gen. Sigel was trying to cut off were consequently headed by Gov. Jackson in person.

The two forces met each other on the 5th of July not far from Carthage and fought a battle which was very much like the one of Booneville in the extent of its casualties, though less successful for the Union cause. Sigel's command was only about one-fourth the number of those opposed to him; nearly 2,000 of the rebels were mounted men, although very few of them had any weapons whatever, a fact which was unknown to the Union commander. When he saw this great force pressing on his flanks, he naturally supposed his column to be in danger, and prudently gave the order to retire from the field. The retirement was effected in good order, and though the rebels pursued a few miles they inflicted no damage. The collision delayed the movements of the rebels toward the southwest, though it did not prevent it, and the elation which they felt over the repulse of the enemy was more than an offset for the delay.

On the march from Booneville to Springfield strict orders were given that there should be do depredating on private property, the rights of every citizen being fully respected. The order was very well obeyed, but it was impossible to carry it out to its fullest extent. Chickens that did not roost high had a habit of disappearing at night and never turning up again except in the stewpans of some of the soldiers or possibly in those of the officers; pigs that strayed from their pens when the army was about did not readily get back again, but on the whole there was not much cause of remonstrance on the part of the inhabitants.

The most serious complaint was on the part of the Union men, and certainly they had a right to say something on the subject. The situation was expressed in this way by one of them who was talking with an officer in the presence of Jack and Harry:

"Look a-here," said the citizen; "why don't you-'uns go and take Jones's co n and potatoes and anything else you want? He's a Secesher of the worst sort, and you ought to make him sweat for it. When the State troops went through here they took my horses and corn and wagons and paid me with receipts that I can't sell anywhere for five cents on the dollar. I tried to get them to let me alone, but they said I'd been saying I was a Union man, and if I was I'd got to help support the war, and they'd take everything I had. They didn't touch Jones, because he's on their side.

"The rebels come along and plunder the Union men, but when you-'uns come you don't touch the Seceshers nor anybody else, except to pay in clean cash for what you want. It's a one-sided business anyhow, and if it keeps on I'll have to turn Secesh to save myself."

This was actually the case for some time in Missouri and other border States, and there is no doubt that many men who were in favor of the Union at the start became rebels in course of time in order to save their property. After a while affairs were changed and the men who were on the side of the rebellion had to suffer when our armies came in their vicinity. The property of all was seized wherever wanted. A Union man was compensated for his loss, while a pronounced rebel had great difficulty in securing compensation, and very often did not get anything whatever.

Later in the war Jack and Harry became known for their expertness in foraging, and many were the chickens and pigs that fell into their hands. They had splendid noses for scenting game, and when they could not find anything edible in a section of country it was pretty certain that the region had already been swept bare.

The skill acquired by our soldiers in catching "game" is well illustrated in the way they used to take pigs while marching at will along the road. A pig would make its appearance by the roadside along which a regiment was making its way. Some of the foremost men would throw out a few grains of corn, and at the same time word would be passed along the line and several of the men in the rear would fix their bayonets on their guns. Piggy, all unsuspicious, would be toled by the corn close to the roadside, and as the rear soldiers came along two of them transfixed the creature through the neck with a bayonet and swung him in the air. He was caught in the arms of two other soldiers, who speedily disemboweled him, and then cut up and distributed the meat. It was all done without breaking out of the line of march, and was characterized by the officers as a "wonderful triumph of mind over matter."

Chickens were the favorite plunder of food-seeking soldiers, partly on account of their toothsome character and partly in view of their portability. Pigs and sheep came next in the line of desirable things, as they could be subdivided with ease and if necessary with great celerity.

CHAPTER X.

LESSONS IN MULE-DRIVING—CRITICAL POSITION OF THE ARMY.

Our young friends were not long in receiving the promotion they desired and certainly deserved. From being mere attaches, or as Jack expressed it, "Adjutants," of the wagon-train they were raised to the dignity of drivers, each having a team of his own. It was a promotion at which they were greatly elated, though it brought additional responsibilities and hard work.

Shortly after leaving Booneville one of the regular drivers fell ill and was left behind. His place was given to Harry, who had shown himself fairly competent to fill it in spite of his youth, and also in spite of his lack of that accomplishment of the ordinary teamster, a familiarity with profanity. We have already alluded to this peculiarity of the average driver, and the faith possessed by many people that mules and oxen cannot be successfully managed except by an expert in swearing. But Harry got around the difficulty nicely and very much to his credit.

His education was not extensive, and had been confined to the ordinary branches of the common school. He was proficient in the three R's: "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," and had made a fair start in grammar and geography. While wondering what to do in

NIGGER GENERAL ON A BLACK HORSE.

order to be able to drive a mule team successfully, and at the same time avoid falling into the use of profanity, he hit upon an idea which is commended to all readers of this narrative under similar circumstances.

He picked out the hardest names he could remember in his geographical studies and determined to make them the means of propelling obstinate animals and inducing them to pull properly when pulling was desired. With the permission of one of the regular drivers he practiced on the teams and found his plan worked very well; so well, in fact, that it received the commendation of the Chaplain and of the Colonel of the regiment, and furthermore the team seemed to enjoy it.

"Sebastopol" was one of his favorite expletives, and when he hurled it at a mule, hissing the first syllable through his teeth and giving full vent to his voice on the last, that mule was sure to do his level best until the load moved or the harness gave way. In the same manner he found "Calcutta" an expletive of great power, and so was "Nagasaki" and also "St. Petersburg." When he wanted something of unusual strength for a momentous occasion he informed his obstinate animals that "Vienna is the Capital of Austria," or "the Dutch have taken Holland." Nothing could surpass the efforts of the team when these phrases were thrown into the elongated ears of the unschooled mules.

Harry imparted his plan to Jack, and when that youth was shortly afteward put in charge of a team which had been hired at Booneville for the trip to Springfield, he repeated the experiment. It did not work as well as in Harry's case, but the reason was found in the fact that Jack's mules were of Missouri

(Continued on 2d page.)

FLANKING JOHNSTON.

The Army of the Tennessee on the Move.

AT SNAKE CREEK GAP.

Laying Pontoons in a Hot Place.

TURNING RESACA.

Johnston Outgeneraled by Logan at Allatoona.

BY J. W. LONG, 2D IOWA.

N the 4th of May, 1864, the army under Gen. Sherman lying in and around Chattanooga started on their great campaign to the sea. The most of us had veteranized during the Winter, been home and seen our best girl, and when we got back we were in high spirits and ready to perform any service that Gen. Sherman thought would be for the best interests of the country. The last of April we left our pleasant Winter quarters at Pulaski, Tenn., for Chattanooga, where we found everything on the move for the front. The next morning we moved out, camping that night on the historic Chickamauga Creek. The next day we made a forced march, going through Snake Creek Gap just at sundown, the 9th Ill. in the advance. Why we did not push on and capture the railroad I have never been able to understand. We were several miles in the rear of Johnston's army, and only two or three miles from the railroad. We remained at the mouth of the gap three or four days,

HE WANTED THE FLAG.

or until the rebel army marched by us and took up a

STRONG POSITION AT RESACA.

The morning of the battle we marched to the extreme right of the army, taking up a position in an old field, where we remained until the next morning. It was in that field that Gen. Corse took command of our division; and a better soldier never lived than John M. Corse. The morning of the second day our division was sent down the Oostanaula River some four or five miles to make another flank movement. Arriving at the place selected to cross, my regiment was detailed to carry the pontoons to the river, some three-quarters of a mile away.

We had been in several tight places before, but that proved to be the most disagreeable job we were called upon to perform during our four years of service. Between us and the river was a large field that was swept by a rebel battery on the opposite side, while the river bank was lined with their sharpshooters well protected. There was a small creek running down across the field, with a few trees and small brush scattered along it, but at no place thick enough to hide us from the enemy. There was 16 men to each boat, and it made a very heavy load.

The firing would get so heavy at times that we would have to set them down and get under the creek bank for shelter. It would be hard to describe one's feelings under such circumstances. With a pontoon on your shoulder, under a heavy fire, and no gun in your hand, you would feel about like a man would in a bath-tub with several thousand, more or less, shooting at him. The 2d Iowa always thought they were a pretty nervy set, but that day it required more than the usual supply to stay with it. After two hours of hard work we lanched the first boat, when the 81st Ohio marched up to make the crossing. We had no desire to stay and see them make the effort, as we were anxious to see our guns again. There were a number of the 81st shot out of the boats while attempting to cross, and, as I was informed at the time, only a few succeeded in crossing.

Just at dark the pontoon train was sent down to the river, the boats reloaded, and everything withdrawn from our side. We fell back a couple of miles and went into camp, hoping that the morrow would bring better luck.

Just here I would like to tell of

THE DARING DEED

of a member of the 66th Ind. While we were carrying the pontoons the 66th were thrown out across the field as skirmishers, sheltering themselves behind a few large trees scattered along the river bank. The Johnnies had built some rifle-pits right on the bank on the opposite side, and into the fresh dirt they st[illegible]ne of their regimental flags. Finally th[illegible]nk came to the conclusion tha[illegible] he [illegible]d a rebel flag, and, I presume, thought he would never have a better chance to get one; so he pulled off his clothes and plunged into the river to make the effort. The boys kept up a heavy fire on the rifle-pits, keeping them down until he swam over, crawled up the bank, got the flag, and back into the water again.

As soon as they saw their flag disappear every rebel in sight opened fire on him. They churned the water into a foam around him, but his "Paul Jones" luck never forsook him. He got back all right, and that night he was promoted to Color-Sergeant of his regiment.

The next morning by 7 o'clock we were in the timber again, facing the rebel battery. Our regiment was ordered to make the attempt to cross on the ferryboat, an old scow of a thing that wouldn't hold over 25 or 30 men. The enemy had been reinforced during the night, and was strongly intrenched about 300 yards from the river. Our men ran up two or three batteries, and in a short time had theirs silenced. We made a dash for the ferry, over half a mile away, and within 30 minutes after starting our company and part of Co. D made the crossing.

We didn't feel so shaky as we did the day before carrying the pontoons, but still it was a ticklish undertaking. As fast as we crossed we were deployed as skirmishers, keeping under the river bank a mile from the ferry before we were ordered to climb the bank. As soon as the enemy saw that we had made the crossing they commenced withdrawing their forces. The 7th Iowa crossed immediately after us and charged the works. They had a desperate fight for 15 or 20 minutes, but succeeded in driving the last of them from their works.

Our regiment didn't get to fire a shot, but we had reason to feel that we were in a very dangerous position.

About 11 o'clock a. m. we were called back to the ferry; they had the pontoons down and were crossing men by the thousand. That afternoon Johnston went flying southward again. About 9 o'clock that night we fell in behind him, marching all night. Our regiment was very fortunate on both days, losing but very few men. Occupying the position we did, it seemed a miracle that we got through without losing one-half of our number. Our cup of ambition was full ever afterward; we had no desire to go through another such undertaking.

After flanking Johnston from Resaca, we kept at his heels until he turned

AT BAY ON ALLATOONA MOUNTAIN.

The army was compelled to halt at Kingston to await the arrival of the railroad trains with supplies. It was here that our non-veterans were sent back to be discharged. We were sorry for a day or two that we could not go home also, but we afterward had reason for believing that the veterans made the Atlanta campaign a success, and felt proud that we were of those who "marched down to the sea." In using the pronoun "we" I have reference, in our flank movement, to the Army of the Tennessee. At that time I knew but very little about what the Armies of the Ohio or of the Cumberland were doing.

By the 23d of May preparations were made for another flank movement to the right. We started off with 30 days' rations in our wagons, no one from a Colonel down knowing where we were going or what we were expected to do. Some said we were going to Mobile to help Canby; others thought that we were going around Johnston and slip into Atlanta unawares. We had to laugh when we thought how surprised the Johnnies would be when they got back and found that we were there ahead of them. We had even made up our minds that we would call upon his best girl and let her know where he was. While we were enjoying our anticipations an Aid rode up and ordered our entire regiment deployed as skirmishers. We marched through woods and fields for three or four miles without a sound scarcely but

LOGAN IN BATTLE.

our own tramping. Just at sundown we passed through Dallas, going into camp not over half a mile from town. A few minutes before we stopped there were a few shots fired on our front, which we supposed to have been fired by a few retreating cavalrymen.

After supper some one happened to think that it might be well enough to send out a few pickets for appearance sake, if nothing else. The rest of us laid down and slept soundly until morning. About daylight a few of us early risers had got up and gone down to a small stream in front of the regiment to bathe. Before we got through there were a few shots fired on the picket-line, when here came our boys with the Johnnies after them.

Before the alarm could be given there were a number of men shot while in bed. You may be sure things were lively around there for awhile. No one seemed to know what to do. In a few minutes Gens. Dodge and Sweeney came hurrying down the road rubbing their eyes. They could be